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The CAMOSUN

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All communications should be addressed care of Business Manager, Victoria High School. The Board will pay no attention to anonymous letters.

Advertisers are asked to leave copy at The Acme Press, 753 View Street, by the 25th of each month to insure insertion.

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The Door of Spring

The door of Spring is tightly closed
In the months of the cold and snow,
But soon the sun with his kindly face
Will open the door a little space
And make the flowers grow.

Then sunbeams bright, and gentle rains
Will swing the portal wide,
And a host of leaves and flowers gay
Will sway in the breeze the livelong day
And tremble with newborn pride.

And so through the time of wind and snow,
Which grim old Winter brings,
We must watch and wait for the joyous day
When the warm, bright sun drives Winter away
And opens the Door of Spring. H. F.

Bud MacLean

DON'T think I want to take all the credit for winning the game with Wrangley, because I don't. The real cause of the victory was Betty, who——. But wait a minute till we come to that. It was the year 1919-20 that Rutland Central High had that wonderful team. Tom White, a veteran player, who lost a leg at the war, coached the team that year. I chronicled their doings in the papers. Their centre, big Jack Barnes, was as fast as lightning and great on the jump. The forwards, Bill Brown and Fred Jackson, were speedy and deadly shots. The Russian guard, Ivan Grotski, was a wonder. His passing was always true and his checking was good to see. But Bud MacLean was the weakest and strongest and most popular man on the team. He was the running-guard. He was the idol of Tommy White's heart, and the most exasperating player he had ever coached. Bud's great fault was that he was unreliable. He played magnificently for two or three games, and then would come a game where he would be absolutely punk. He would get in the way and lose the game for High. Strange to say, Tommy always let him play these games out, thinking that by so doing, Bud would work this off.

In February, 1920, Rutland was playing a team from Bassalach, a town a few miles off. Bud was a little peeved at his chum, Betty Ross, the nicest girl in Rutland. They had quarrelled, and Bud was too stubborn to make it up. Besides, he had heard that Jim Billings, the big husky forward of Wrangley College's senior team, was ardently seeking Betty's affections and was being received favorably. Consequently, Bud was feeling blue. He simply couldn't play basketball that night. Fred Jackson shot in a dandy in the first half, but that was all they did. Bassalach ran over them. Bud fumbled the

ball, passed into the hands of the Bassalach forwards, checked miserably and lost the ball every time he got it. Watching him from the side lines, I saw him look up to the gallery a couple of times, to where Betty and Jim Billings stood chatting amiably. At half-time Tom White argued and coaxed to no effect. The second half was a nightmare to Rutland. At the end the score stood 32-2 in favor of Bassalach. The excuse given was simply that Bud MacLean was "off color," but I knew better. He was jealous.

Two weeks later, Wrangley College was looking for a game with Rutland University senior team. By some foolish mistake the challenge came to Rutland High, and Tom White called a meeting of the team. "Boys," he said, "I've got a proposition here. Wrangley has challenged us for a friendly game and will wipe us up if we accept. We could decline with honor. But I've been thinking, wouldn't it be great if we beat them. I want you all to write a "yes" or "no" on a piece of paper, in answer to the question of shall we accept or not. But first let me just remind you of a little verse with lots of good sense in it—

"Plan for more than you can do,
Then do it;
Bite off more than you can chew,
Then chew it;
Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat and there you are."

Now go ahead and write "yes" or "no." When Tom gathered up the slips there were six with "yes." "Boys," he said, "thanks! you have done me a favor."

Well, I got to thinking. Bud had lost the last game for High. He had been sore at Betty. Maybe if Betty made up with him and encouraged him, he might play in his old style. Here's where I won the game for Rutland. First I saw Betty and explained to her. Then I went to Bud. "Bud," says I, "I hear big Jim Billings is going to be your check on Saturday night." "Ugh!" said Bud. "He's sending Betty some roses for her to wear to the game. All the Wrangley crowd are wearing roses and he wants to show everyone that Betty is backing up Wrangley and himself. All our bunch are wearing carnations. Why not send Betty some and ask her to wear them. Then you can see how she favors for once and all." Bud looked at me. "May as well get the suspense over. Here goes for the carnations," he growled. My plan was working.

Saturday night arrived. The High School gym was absolutely packed. Rutland was in one corner, everyone wearing carnations, and ready with dozens of yells. Wrangley had taken possession of the opposite corner and, bedecked with roses, was ready to indulge in a competition with Rutland any time as to the superiority of their vocal powers. The two preliminary games were played to the accompaniment of much rooting and much excitement. At last the

main event of the evening arrived. Wrangley came out, led by Jim Billings, and, taking possession of a basket, began some fancy shooting. A couple of minutes afterwards Rutland's team came out and the game started. Bud had looked in vain for Betty. She wasn't there yet. My plan nearly failed when Betty didn't arrive, but we still had hopes.

The whistle went, and Wrangley started. Bud MacLean, disappointed and unhappy, made a feeble attempt to stop Jim Billings, but the hefty Wrangley man got past him and scored. What followed of that half was a nightmare to Bud. Everyone on the Wrangley team scored. Time after time their forwards received perfect passes and scored. Grotski couldn't hold them alone and Bud MacLean didn't assist much. When the whistle went at half-time the score was 37-3. Tom White didn't say a word to the team that savored of reproach. "Boys! I would like to see you win," was all he said. Those few minutes of rest were a torment to Bud. He wanted to get into the game and forget. But just before the whistle went, he glanced up at the gallery. Betty Ross had just come in, and——. Bud saw only that she was wearing some carnations.

The whistle went. Bud ran up to Jack Barnes and said, "Jack, let's go!" That was enough. Go they did. Jack Barnes knocked the ball to Fred Jackson, who, when he was checked, passed back to Bud MacLean. Bud put it in from past centre. Three times in two minutes the Rutland forwards scored. Then came two long shots from Jack Barnes. Jim Billings started a rally for Wrangley, but Grotski got the ball and passed to MacLean, who went up the floor like a whirlwind. One of the Wrangley guards checked him, but not until too late and Rutland had fifteen points. In the next seven minutes they only scored three times, but Wrangley never had a chance. Bill Brown showed wonderful speed and MacLean and Grotski were impregnable. Big Billings was beaten all the time, and knew it. In the next five minutes Rutland ran wild. Every shot found the basket. Bud MacLean was wonderful. Every time he got the ball he would run up a few yards and then shoot. Out of seventeen shots he only missed four. With one minute to go the score was tied—41-41. Try as they might, neither side could get another point. Bud MacLean, checking Jim Billings, never let him past once. It was Bud's checking that got the winning point. Bud stuck to his man like glue. In fact, he stuck so close that Jim lost his temper and aimed a blow at Bud's head. The referee saw it and gave Rutland two free shots. Bud took them and put them both in as the whistle went. The final score was 41-43 for Rutland High. Rutland had won from the great college senior team. Great was the rejoicing. But Bud wasn't in it. He was walking home with Betty, who was explaining to him that the carnations were all a put-up job to make him play and win the game. "I knew you would, Bud," she said. Bliss!

Camosun Idols

ART WEBSTER

For years Art has shown himself to be the backbone of the athletic activities of the good old V. H. S. He is now Captain of the Boys' Basketball team, plays three-quarters on the Rugby team, obligingly fills the position of either rover or centre on the Ice-Hockey team, and in case of war, Canada need have no fear, for Art is a Captain in the Cadet Corps and second in command at that. In years to come we still hope to find him ably fulfilling these offices and, with luck, a few more.

ELEANOR PARFITT

The proof of Eleanor's popularity is fully established in the fact that a term cannot go by without having her occupy one of the important offices of the school. Last term she was elected President of Portia and this term she is Vice-President of the Matriculation Organization. Taking everything into consideration, she is an all-round sport.

ORION MCGARY

One of the most popular boys in the school. Very capably fills the position of President of the Beta Delta and holds forth as President of his class, Matric E. There are many who believe that the recent Assault-at-Arms held at the Armoury would not have achieved the success which it did had it not been for the marvellous gymnastic display of our V. H. S. boys under the able leadership of "Muggs." To crown all, he is one of those perfect Prefects.



Easter

THE last of the Easter exams. were written and all the scholars were relieving their burdened and wearied minds in diverse manners. The anxious heaved sighs of relief, the studious seized their text-books to see if "venir" was conjugated with "avoir" or "etre," but the majority were giving vent to their feelings with laughter, giggles (for one must always distinguish between these different forms of mirth) and with loud conversation.

It was above all this turmoil that I heard a mocking, satirical laugh, and after looking searchingly around, I saw a Junior tete-a-tete with several Prelims, who were regarding their superior with anxious but respectful countenances. Yes! it really seems incredible, but this second year student was corrupting their infant minds by assuring them that the Easter bunny hid the eggs and that the chocolate chickens came out of chocolate eggs. Of course this was better than shattering all their innocent beliefs, but being an ardent supporter of "Portia" and the "Truth," and with their welfare at heart, I conducted some score of Prelims, a dozen Juniors and a few long-suffering Matrics into a nearby classroom and addressed to them the following words:—"My dear fellow-students, firmly believing that you share my eager hunger and thirst for knowledge, I will proceed to unravel some of the mysteries surrounding Easter. Easter is a religious festival to commemorate the resurrection of Christ, and after much dispute it was decided by the Council of Nice, in 325 A.D., that the proper time to hold the Easter festival was the first Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after March 21st, which, by the way, you all know is the day of the Spring Equinox. The word 'Easter' is derived from the old Anglo-Saxon 'Eostre,' the goddess of Light and Spring, who was supposed to visit the earth at this season and to scatter new life and fresh flowers over the universe, and hence the egg appears in our celebrations as symbolical of this idea ——." Pausing here for breath and to see how the other Matrics and Juniors were taking my little lecture, I was somewhat surprised and hurt to find that my only listeners were three Prelims, who were gaping at me in amazement. With keen disappointment I realized that my discourse was much beyond their curly heads, and so told them the following legend:—

"Once upon a time there was a little hermit rabbit living a religious life in a forest in India. One day a worn and hungry pilgrim came to him and begged for help and sustenance. The little rabbit had nothing to give, but remembering that 'to give oneself for another's need is the highest sign of a holy life,' he prepared to jump into the fire to be roasted for the tired pilgrim. But e'er the flames could harm him, Buddah gathered him up in his arms and placed him in the moon, so that every living creature might see him and remember the kind deed. And so, if you look at the west side of the moon at Easter time, you will be able to see the dark form of the rabbit."

The youngsters clapped their inky fingers with delight and scurried home, leaving me, with their Easter greetings ringing in my ears, to face the sarcastic smile of my Matric friends, who asked me, "What is an ignorant Matric?" I promptly answered, "Oh! surely one who doesn't know what I have just found out!"

The War Memorial

The results of two months' collections for the War Memorial Fund are:—

Pupils — January	\$76.10
Pupils — February	84.51
Staff — January and February	66.46
Outside Subscription	1.00
 Total	 \$228.07

In January the highest division was Division 9, with \$5.80; in February Division 1, with \$8.10.

The following circular has been drawn up and sent to as many ex-students and persons interested in the school as possible:

The High School did well in the Great War. Although there have never been more than three hundred boys in the school at a time, more than four hundred served, the exact numbers being:—

Boys, about	400
Nurses	7
Teachers	8

Fifty died, and it is proposed to have their names cast in bronze, which, attached to one of the pillars opposite the main entrance, will face everyone who enters the school, reminding him of their unselfish devotion to their country.

The amount of money required for this undertaking will be \$1,000, and it would be possible to raise this sum within the present student body, without an appeal for outside help. It is, however, our desire to make it as representative of the school as possible, and to inform all those who have had any connection with the High School from its commencement, of what we are doing.

All those who are interested in the High School, or in our project, are invited to send a subscription, remembering that it is not a large subscription list we want, but a long one.

We wish that everyone who has been associated with this school shall receive this notice, and ask you to inform all those you know who would be interested.

Copies of this notice will be supplied on application to

The Secretary, War Memorial Fund,

High School, Victoria, B. C.

Now, all good friends of the V. H. S., students present and past, here is your chance to pull together in a worthy cause.



EDITORIAL

If you have taken the trouble to look at the cover, you may have noticed that this is the Easter number. If you haven't deduced this astounding fact, we would like to draw your attention to it. By putting two and two together correctly, even a prelim (profuse apologies) may see that this issue marks the half-way point in the literary aspirations of this term. We are glad to be able to say that the last number was a huge success, from both financial and literary standpoints. We wish to thank everyone for the way in which they boosted the Camosun. It took a lot of boosting, but you proved yourselves boosters. Keep up your reputation! The next and last issue is the Matric number, in June. Let's all dig in and make it a humdinger and a rip-snorter of a success. The editorial staff and the business staff, backed by the Matric Organization, are going to put all they've got into making it **the** number of the year. When the next number comes out, the present staff will take a holiday and let some worthier successors take over the job. Let's give our next staff a big reputation to live up to. Let The Camosun end the fourteenth year of its existence more "splendiforously" than ever she ended her years before.

* * * * *

Just a word about the War Memorial. In these days of reaction from the war-time strain, we are a little inclined to forget those who gave all they had that we might go on living our lives in pleasure and safety. Many of the High School boys did their bit, and a mighty good-sized bit it was, for King and Country. If a war broke out now, and you were called overseas, would you like to be remembered in your old school? Would it not give you some pleasure if, on coming back to the school on a visit, you saw your name on a war memorial? The very least we can do is to back this War Memorial project and help as much as we can to remember the boys from the school who served during the war.

* * * * *

The Matric number of the Camosun has been placed under the control of the Matric Organization, who are taking over the financial end of the number and are also supplying extra assistant editors for the editorial staff.

The whole school felt sincerely sorry to hear of the death of Major Harvey's wife a short time ago. A few representatives of the school attended the funeral, and flowers were sent by the prefects. Though the mass of the student body could not outwardly show their sorrow, still the school as a whole sympathized sincerely with Major Harvey in his bereavement.

* * * * *

The great trouble with the literary genius of the school is that everyone seems to be afraid to write stories. We received many short stories for the Christmas number, but most of them were merely revived essays and compositions. It is quite an art to be able to write five or six pages of fiction that will be interesting enough and complete enough to warrant the publication thereof. Petrie is to be highly congratulated for having cultivated such a remarkable ability for writing nature episodes, and also we wish to thank him sincerely for his cover designs. The class reporters of the Matrics seem to be right on their jobs, and have turned in some fine reports. The only trouble is that they are too long and we have had to cut out nearly half their material. Our advice to Prelim and Junior reporters is to read the reports of Matrics B and E, and then read their own report. They will see lots of room for improvement. But we would like to thank the Prelims and Juniors for their interest and support.

* * * * *

A stranger visiting the school on the first Friday of March would wonder what cubist painter had spilt his box of colors. "When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried," all one would have to do to become color-blind would be to visit the school on "Loud Sox Day." The first Friday of March has made a place for itself in the life of the school. There is something in the idea of having one day a year when you can see for yourself what a genius you (and others) are in your sartorial efforts, that makes you live in anticipation and work better for it. It is many years since "Loud Sox Day" first was inaugurated, and it seems to grow more successful every year, from a color standpoint at least. We hope "Loud Sox Day" survives and is handed down to posterity. We wish the event all success and we state that a yellow tie with blue and red spots is very effective as an eye-dazzler.

* * * * *

During the last few weeks the Matric classes of the High School have organized. They are now ruled by a central executive committee, consisting of a President, a Vice-President and a Secretary-Treasurer, together with a committee of three. The individual classes each have two members on a committee which acts as a general representation of the Matrics. Now that the Matric year has organized and has such an impressive and judicial appearance, Prelims and Juniors will hesitate before they incur the wrath of this

powerful organization. It is said that there is only one body in the whole school year which does not bow before the might of the Matric organization, and that is the school policemen and traffic cops—the prefects. They are responsible for order even in the meetings of the Matric Organization. If the president of the Matrics creates a disturbance, the official “bouncer” of the prefects, Bond by name, will be called in to fill his official position, and the president would feel very much sat upon, as Bond is by no means a feather-weight. However, in spite of Prefects, the Matrics ought to be able to accomplish something, now that they have such a committee as Battrick, Miss Parfitt, Miss Legg, McNamee, McCannel and Wade, and we feel sure that when this committee starts anything, the Matric body will back them to the last cent or to the last anything else.

* * * * *

Prelims and Juniors! Pity a poor Matric! Some people have all the luck! When this number comes out, you will be enjoying pleasant rest and ease, while the Matrics will be laboring under the enviable burden of exams. Do you know, there is nothing I like better than exams! So soothing and restful! Why, the school is so quiet that you can sleep for hours at a time; and then none of the teachers give us homework during exams. If only the examiners would show better judgment in setting the papers, all would be lovely. But examiners have a bad habit of asking for things you don't know. I suppose some of the examiners forget that they once wrote exams, or else they take a fiendish delight in watching others suffer as they have suffered. If exams were abolished, several Matrics wouldn't feel so uncertain about passing. The best part of exams is the day after they are finished. As Briggs says, “Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!”—only, he sticks in lots of dashes and commas and exclamations and emotion. Maybe when you Prelims and Juniors become Matrics, you'll remember my words, and think of the many thousands before you and the many thousands behind you who have enjoyed or are yet to enjoy the restful effects of examinations. To encourage and exhilarate this restful state, we would suggest hydrochloric, nitric or strong sulphuric as good “Prohibition Drinks.”

Miscellaneous Blunders

In a Ferryboat: These seats are for the ladies. Gentlemen will not occupy them until the ladies are seated.

Parallel: “We have to go back five centuries for a parallel to this case.” cried the orator, “and even then we don't find it.”

For Sale—Peck baskets of all sizes.

Judge: “Prisoner at the bar, if ever there was a clearer case than this of a man robbing his master, this case is that case.

A Swiss hotel prospectus says: “Weissbach is the favorite place of resort for those fond of solitude. Persons in search of solitude are, in fact, constantly flocking here from the four quarters of the globe.”

The Nameless Stream

"It is a spot beyond imagination
Delightful to the heart—where roses bloom
And sparkling fountains murmur; where the earth
Is gay with many-colored flowers."

THE rosy lights of the cottage gradually disappeared behind us, as Pal and I swung cheerfully along the woodland path, which, after winding leisurely through the forest, arrived at the cool, mossy banks of that beloved, unnamed stream to which many of our very happiest recollections were inseparably linked. Rising in the ice-cold springs of a cool forest dell; carefully fostered and shielded by the great Red Gods, it ran babbling o'er sunlit ripples, slumb'ring in shady pools, gurgling around weeping-willows, onward ever singing toward the parent river.

The darkness gradually lessened, the sky became grey, the stars faded out one by one, and just as we glimpsed the water through the trees, the first bird shattered the silence with his joyous morning song of thanksgiving; another took up the song, another and another until the woods were ringing with the shrill carols of the invisible choir. A gray squirrel scampered across a log, chattering and scolding, a grouse was drumming somewhere in the woods, and concealed by the mist which still floated over the pools, a kingfisher could be heard making an early breakfast. Soon the sun crawled above the hills, and its red rays filtering through the leaves, warned us of passing time; with a mutual "good luck," we part, after arranging to meet at the long stretch of water where the cows from the farm come down to drink and enjoy themselves after the heat and toil of the day.

The morning passed with incredible speed, for so engrossed had I become in my surroundings that the sun had climbed overhead unnoticed. So, choosing a shady spot, I splashed out of the stream, and soon had a fire crackling merrily, then settled myself among the flower-spangled grass to enjoy an hour's rest, to watch the inquisitive jays and to listen to the monotonous buzzing of the cloud of insects which covered the dark pool below me. A beautiful butterfly came flitting into view, and as it dipped toward the surface of the pool I noticed a restless gleam among the willow roots, there was a flash of silver and a three-pound rainbow cleared the water amid a shower of sparkling diamonds, curved gracefully over and splashed back again. The butterfly had disappeared. Before the ripples had yet died away I was whipping my fly with feverish energy into the sunken tangle of roots. But all in vain, and after running through every fly in my book, I was almost ready to believe that I was the victim of a vivid imagination, until a second butterfly came sailing down the stream and I knew that before long there would be a battle royal. Nor was I wrong, for that struggling insect proved irresistible; again there was a flash, but this time there was no triumphant retreat to the safety of the willow roots, and after a grim fight I

slipped the net under him and he was carried up the bank in state. The afternoon slipped away nearly as fast as the morning and I soon found myself near the trysting-place; another quiet, happy day was nearly gone. The sport had been fairly good and my creel felt decidedly heavy on my shoulder, and I could almost smell the trout in the frying pan.

There sat our old friend "The Philosopher," enjoying his well-earned rest, and, without a word, I dropped down beside him, as I had done so many times before, and together we silently drank in the beauty and peacefulness of the scene which lay before us. The setting sun had turned the wide, smooth stretch of water, in which the contented cows stood with dripping mouths, into molten gold; the smoke from the farmhouse upon the hill rose straight up into the quiet air, and the unceasing hum of the countless insects grew fainter as the night mists began to rise. Soon we hear a shrill whistle, and Pal comes striding round the bend, and with a cheery "what luck," empties his catch for our inspection. We bid our friend good-bye, shoulder our baskets, and turn homewards through the twilight, each busy with his own thoughts, each with his own recollections. The cottage windows blaze their welcome; we turn back for one last long look—the day is over.

Dear, dear Pal, what would I not give to see you come striding round yonder bend once more, to hear your shrill whistle and your cheery "what luck?" The stream is far behind you now and your trail bark is launched upon the unknown depths. Gaily you waded its singing, sunlit rapids; bravely faced its dark pools, and with a thankful heart cast your flies over its long, silent reaches. Your favorite dells will know you no more forever. "The Philosopher" still sits and meditates in the evening afterglow, but his kindly face betrays his sad thoughts; the sun still sets behind the little farmhouse, but somehow it has lost its old glory, and the cottage windows still gleam through the twilight, but with a welcome less warm. And although I cannot see you, and although no man knows your resting-place, I feel your guiding hand upon me, and as I, too, journey down the stream from which there is no turning back, your well-remembered form rises before me, ever beckoning onward toward those Elysian dells where we may again cast our flies over pleasant waters and where we may again drop down beside "The Philosopher." Patience, dear friend, patience!

"I hear they're going to change the name of Beacon Hill Park to Orchard Park."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, there are so many pears found under the trees."

* * * * *

City Niece: "The windows in our new church are stained."

Country Aunt: "Ain't that a pity! Can't they get nothing to take it off?"



THE regular meeting of the Portia Society was held on Wednesday, December the 2nd. The programme for the afternoon was four short speeches, but owing to the absence of one speaker, only three were delivered. Alice Eldridge spoke on "The Pilgrim Fathers," giving the reasons for their departure from England, and the conditions they found in America, and speaking also of their customs and manners. Thelma Schroeder unravelled the intricacies of the genealogy of the English Royal Family to the meeting. She also connected them up with the other reigning houses of Europe, so that her hearers should now follow discussions of the Prince of Wales's matrimonial prospects with intelligence. Agnes Fraser spoke on "Indian Legends," a subject that should interest all Canadians. Besides speaking of the origin of legends, she detailed some very amusing superstitions connected with natural phenomena.

The last meeting of the year was held in the Auditorium on December the 8th, Mr. Dilworth giving a lecture on "Folk Songs." He began by defining a folk song. It springs from the heart of the people and is not a literary masterpiece—arising, as it does, among the lower classes—but an expression of their emotions and their sensations. There are the two sorts—true and artificial. The true folk song arises in humble circumstances, and no one claims its authorship. The artificial is the result of an imitation, by a known person, of the ancient folk songs. The variance in wording is due to the fact that for centuries all such things depended on oral tradition. Folk songs are not like the popular songs of today, which pass and are forgotten. They endure for ages. For example, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was sung in Egypt at the time of the Crusaders, in memory of a certain Frenchman named Mambron. This was known as "La Chanson de Mambron," and is still sung by the Arabs today. "Sing Willow," a quaint minor melody of the time of Shakespeare, was then sung by Mrs. Southern. Besides reflecting emotions, the folk song reflects the history of the nation. When a

country is continually under foreign domination, the folk-lore is sad in spirit. The lecturer mentioned the prevalence of the minor mode in folk songs. Mrs. Yeo then sang "The Last Rose of Summer," one of the most appealing of all Irish folk songs. Later she also sang "The Minstrel Boy," a more war-like song. Mr. Dilworth's lecture was much enjoyed and appreciated by his audience.

A hearty vote of thanks was proposed by Ella Pottinger and seconded by Ethelwyn Dee. Tea was afterwards served by members of the Portia, to the invited guests.

The first meeting of the new year was held on January the 5th. As no programme could be arranged, subjects such as "Unsuitable Christmas Presents," "The Store on the Upper Side of Douglas Street between Yates and Fort," and similar ones were distributed. All the girls victimized by this scheme made noble attempts.

The next meeting of the Portia was held on January the 12th and consisted of two short speeches by Florence Eigel and Jean McNaught. Florence Eigel spoke on "Athens," giving a very interesting account of its history and development, and some of its great men, and its influence on art and culture in general. Jean McNaught spoke on "Japanese Customs," but, finding herself limited for time, confined her speech to Japanese superstitions and some of their habits. Her speech was amusing and instructive—an unusual combination.

The afternoon's programme for January the 19th was a debate, "Resolved that the Orientals in Canada should be granted the franchise," the affirmative being upheld by Nettie Parfitt and Nancy Ross, and the negative by Evelyn Macfarlane and Helen Boyd. Both sides put up excellent arguments, but, in spite of their hard fight, the affirmative lost, the judges, Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Gunn, deciding in favor of the negative.

The next meeting was held on January the 26th. Impromptu speeches were again the order of the day. The list of subjects was large and varied. "My Ideal Man," defined by Helen Starr, was interesting and instructive. "Spring Cleaning," explained by Jessie MacDonald, was a tale of woe we all know to be far too true. "Why I shall remain single," by Elise Menkus, was a succinct synopsis of the modern woman's creed. Several other speeches were equally good, and everyone voted the meeting very enjoyable.

The elections for office took place on February the 9th. Results were: — President, Ella Pottinger; Vice-President, Marguerite Wilkinson; Secretary, Grace Prior; Matric Representative, Frances Legg; Junion Representative, Patsy Robinson; Prelim. Representative, Nettie Parfitt; Commercial Representative, Lena Butterfield.

The usual meeting of the Portia was held in the Library on February the 16th. The programme for the afternoon was a short debate, "Resolved that Languages are more beneficial to girls than Mathematics," the affirmative being upheld by Lena Chapellow, and the negative by Jessie MacDonald. Jessie MacDonald won by a few

points. Both speeches were excellent. Glenna Evans then spoke on "The Advantages of Reading." This was a good speech and might well be taken to heart by those who say they have no time to read. Ella Pottinger then spoke on "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Libraries." This was a thoughtful speech and one which should appeal to us all in these days of increasing culture.

The usual meeting was held on February the 23rd. Mr. Richards addressed the meeting on our War Memorial, a subject that is very close to our thoughts at present. He presented to the meeting the facts in connection with the Memorial, asking us to spread the news far and wide and mentioned the glorious roll of V. H. S. boys who went for "King and Country," a roll which will form an honored tradition to the students of the future. Miss Moore spoke on "Eton School" as one of the most historical schools of England. Her speech was intensely interesting, illustrated as it was by photos. It is very greatly to be regretted that space forbids a respectable report of both Miss Moore's and Mr. Richards's speech. A vote of thanks was moved by Eleanor Parfitt and seconded by Dorothy Laing.

V. H. S. Concert Party

This society has just recently been organized and has been very successful in developing the talent of the pupils in both music and art. Under the able direction of Miss Moore and the executive, consisting of J. S. Dobbs (President) and Miss Pottinger (Secretary), two delightful concerts have been given. The first one was held on December 9th, in the Auditorium of the school. The stage was beautifully decorated by members of the society, and the general effect was considerably enhanced by the use of footlights. Those who took part were: Irene Bick, Ella Pottinger, Beatrice Porter, Dorothy Dean, Vernon Smith, Jimmy Dobbs, and Phyllis Clarke, assisted by the orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Dilworth. Each number was rendered in a very artistic way, rarely evidenced in such young performers. The accompaniments were played by Miss Moore.

The second concert was also a great success. A very notable feature of this one was that the cast of performers was entirely different from the first. The cast consisted of G. H. E. Green, Berenice Ruddock, Mr. Steeves (assisted by Irene Bick), Laurine Bishop, Lucile Hall and a semi-chorus of nine girls, namely, the Misses Morton, Bell, Porter, Scott, Pontifex, Paliser, Lewis, Thorpe, Chappellow. Two songs were tastefully rendered by Mr. Steeves, a member of the staff, who deserves particular mention.

Both concerts were very successful financially. Two pictures, "Sir Galahad" and "The Aurora," have been bought with the proceeds and are at present in the corridors of the school. The balance was given to Mr. McKim, of the staff, to help pay for the charts which have recently been purchased for the Commercial Department.



IT has been very noticeable this year that there is a keen desire on the part of most of the members to speak and debate, and under these circumstances we can be assured of some interesting speeches and keen debating.

On January 21st, 1921, the first meeting of the spring session took place in Room 12. President Marchbank took the chair till the new president was elected. Before the election, which was the principal business of the day, Mr. Cornett gave a brief history of the Society. The election then took place, resulting as follows:—President, McGary; Vice-President, Lockwood; Secretary, Herman; Treasurer, Aiken, and a committee consisting of Kinlock, Reid and Allen. The meeting was then adjourned at 4.10.

The second meeting of the spring session took place on Thursday, February 3rd, 1921, in the Library. The chair was occupied by President McGary. After the minutes were read and passed, Keenan gave an address on the life of Lord Strathcona. The next to speak was Pillar, who gave an exceedingly interesting address on light-houses. He also passed pictures around, which greatly added to the interest. He dwelt upon the mechanism of the light and also upon the life of the people tending it, and those who were present were convinced that living on some lighthouse stations is not as bad as it is often painted. Mr. Cornett then gave a few words in regard to the speeches and asked each member to bring another to the next meeting. The meeting adjourned at 4.45.

The next meeting took place on February 10th, 1921, in the Library. President McGary took the chair. This meeting took the form of a debate, the subject being "Resolved that Oriental Immigration into Canada be Prohibited." D. Smith and Lockwood upheld the affirmative, while Reid and McMillan took the negative. The debating was keen and the points well brought out. Messrs. Cornett and Cranston, the judges, decided in favor of the affirmative.

The Song of a Prelim

Each evening a good-looking Mr.
Comes around to see my big Sr.

One night on the stairs

He, all unawares,

Put his arm round her and Kr.

Social and Personal

The first school dance of the year was held under the auspices of the business managers of the Camosun, on January 21st. There was a good turnout at this dance and a most enjoyable time was spent by all present. The proceeds were approximately sixty dollars.

We take this opportunity of welcoming to the school the following students, who entered this renowned institution during the last term:—the Misses G. Cruise, B. Hambly, M. Hood, M. Foley, T. Freeborn, L. Fry, F. Keith and J. Bentley, and Messrs. H. Parmiter, G. Coulter, C. Elves, G. Clark, R. Hambly, R. Beilby, E. Pearson, J. Cruise, W. Cervling, and J. Greene. We hope they will all enjoy their sojourn here and reap the benefits of the teachers' knowledge.

An enjoyable social was held by the members of Matric B in the gymnasium, in January 28th. A few games were played and dancing was indulged in until 11 o'clock, when the supper waltz was played, and was again resumed until 12.30. The affair was under the management of Thelma Shroeder, assisted by an able committee. Among the teachers and their wives present were Dr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Yeo, Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton-Smith, Miss Henry and Mr. Cornett.

On February 21st the Matriculation classes assembled in the auditorium for the purpose of organizing. From a number of nominees, Delmar Battrick was elected President, and the offices of Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer fell to Eleanor Parfitt and Frances Legg respectively. A general committee, composed of Kenneth McCannel, Edgar Wade and James McNamee, was elected, and a girl and boy representative from each Matric class completes the organization. Now Matrics! since at last you have organized, get busy and show some pep.

Besides the Matric organization, nearly every Matric class has its own organization, the Presidents of the different classes being:—Matric A, Lillian Norris; Matric B, Thelma Shroeder; Matric C, John Proctor; Matric E, Orion McGary; Matric D, Eleanor Parfitt.

On Saturday night, February 5th, Matric A held a most delightful social in the gymnasium. Promptly at eight, Lillian Norris, assisted by her committee, got things started. Dancing and games were indulged in during the evening, and twelve o'clock arrived far too soon. Altogether it was a most enjoyable affair for all present. Come again, Matric A! Among the invited guests were Dr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton-Smith, and Mr. Dilworth.

The visiting basketball team from Duncan, which played our team on February 5th, was afterwards entertained to a supper and dance. The dance was under the management of Mr. Cook, Miss Legg and Wade, and was an open affair. About 250 people were present and the proceeds totalled about \$60. Miss Thain supplied the music.

Matric E held the second of their most enjoyable socials on February 17th. Each member being entitled to bring a friend, there was a goodly number present. The evening was spent in games and dancing, some original games, supervised by Delmar Battrick, being played. Messrs. Dilworth and Whittemore helped a great deal in making the affair "go."

To help raise funds for their trip to Vancouver, the ice-hockey team held a dance in the gymnasium after school on February 18th. Other entertainments having taken place during the week, the attendance was not up to the mark, but those present spent an enjoyable afternoon and danced off the toil of the week's work.

The record after-school dance was that held under the auspices of the Commercial Department on "Loud Sox Day," about 450 people being present. Everybody turned out in their gayest and weirdest colors and from the balcony the scene was truly kaleidoscopic. Some color artists would have turned over in their graves if only they could have seen the startling colors, bright yellows and reds, purples and blues, and others equally bright. Hunt's orchestra supplied the music, and altogether it was one of the best dances ever held after school.

Not to be outdone by the other Matric classes, Matric C obtained permission to use the gymnasium on March 4th, to hold a social. About seventy people were present and dancing was the main feature of the evening. An exciting potato race was held, in which Mr. Harry Smith certainly showed his skill in running. The evening passed far too quickly, and although nearly everybody had attended the dance in the afternoon, they were loath to leave at twelve o'clock. Dr. and Mrs. Robinson attended the affair and took a great interest in the proceedings. Other teachers present were Mr. and Mrs. Cranston, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith, Miss Hamilton and Mr. Cook.

Well, our social activities have not been confined to dances only, for the teachers have often (yes, far too often) entertained pupils after school to enjoyable afternoon teas (minus the eats), when the students partook of the knowledge contained in the Latin and French books, of the interesting theorems and algebraical problems, and not forgetting **poetry**.



THE exchanges received by the Camosun this term have been many, and we are certainly glad to get them. First, however, we must explain to those schools who have been sending us their papers regularly, in spite of the fact that they have received none from us, that we publish our paper only once a term now instead of every month as in previous years. So don't feel neglected, and above all keep on sending your papers.

We are pleased to welcome a new paper to our list. The Central Luminary, published by the Central High, Kansas City, is a first-rate paper, echoing keen school spirit. Allow us to congratulate the prize-winners of your story competition. Talent such as they have displayed should certainly be encouraged.

The Alethean is one of our faithful exchanges. The poetry in your Washington Number was fine.

The Westport Crier, we are afraid, has deserted us, your last exchange was dated December 15th. Come again soon. We like to hear what is happening in your part of the world.

The Bison keeps coming right along, and we're mighty glad to hear from you. The editorials in your last paper were great.

The truest thing the Camosun has heard for a long time—

A school paper is a wonderful invention,

For the school gets all the fame,

The printers get the money

And the staff gets all the blame.

The Managra is a paper we want to hear more from, partly because it is a Canadian school paper and partly because it is in magazine form like our own. It is a well gotten up paper—well printed, well written and well managed.

Another Canadian college paper is McMaster's. It is an all-round fine paper. Don't desert us.

The Ideal High School of 1960

JAMES GIVENS, H.C.L., the celebrated chemist, was telling the latest Victoria news to Professor Balfour Straith, Q.E.D., L.D.A., the famous archaeologist, who had just returned from his sojourn in Italy, where he had been digging for several years.

"I say, old top, times have changed since we went to school. Have you seen the new Provincial High School? It covers over a hundred acres and includes a large part of the Fernwood district. The pupils come from all parts of B. C. in their aeroplanes and our poor old school is used as a mere aerodrome. An avenue of Kitchener oaks leads up to the building, while fountains and flower gardens are seen everywhere. Any hour of the day pupils may be seen playing tennis, wandering over their golf course or drinking tea in the sunken garden. The old sand-pit has been made into a lake, which is great for canoeing in summer and skating in winter. This new regime certainly agrees with the pupils, I never saw such healthy, bright young people.

"The basement is given over entirely to amusements. The first room is used for games, such as billiards, marbles, tiddley-winks, hop-scotch, and chess for the more serious minded. Boy and girls play in here at random, without a thought of chaperones. The large swimming pools and dressing rooms take up quite a large part of the basement and are used daily. Of course there is the gymnasium, and instead of the old-fashioned lunch-room, with its hard benches, the pupils are served at an up-to-date cafe by dumb (?) waiters, and a stringed orchestra plays the latest music. Terry's have a soda fountain there where ice cream, gum, and a solution of alcohol and water are the chief attractions and the boxes for couples are always filled. Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you that Bert McPhillips is running a barber shop and boot-blackening establishment in the basement for the High School boys, and Helga Johnson is conducting a first-class beauty parlor for the girls. When I was there, there was a long waiting list.

"I ascended from these lower regions to the first floor by means of a moving staircase in preference to an elevator. School had just opened, and in the numerous dressing rooms, which covered almost all the first floor, hats and coats of the pupils were being removed by maids and valets, while they even had their books handed to them. It sure is different from our old locker slamming business, eh, what, Bal! From these rooms they wandered along carpeted corridors filled with wonderful paintings and sculpture. Some went into the library and music room, while others went immediately to their class rooms, where luxurious easy chairs awaited them.

"I was admitted into one of the class rooms just in time to hear their mid-period selection on the gramophone, which works by electricity. A modern convenience which especially struck me was a parrot in each room to remind everyone when their memory forsook them.

"While talking to the principal a little later, he informed me that he had abolished paragraphs, homework and examinations, as he considered them a great drawback to the pupils' health. Only four subjects were on the curriculum, which were illustrated by moving pictures every morning, and no one attended the school under fourteen. Ah, me! if we were only young again, Bal!

"In the afternoon I was rushed along by the crowd into the auditorium (with its revolving stage) to see the latest musical comedy, 'Oh, you great big beautiful baby,' which was being played that week by the 'Bobbie Meldram Players.' The music for this was composed by Jack Elford and was quite touching.

"I was so overcome by the comparison of that new building and our old school that I hastened home as quickly as my old legs would carry me. Tennyson spoke truly when he said, 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.'"
—Matric D Literary Co., Ltd.

Cadet Corps Report

The following are the promotions and appointments which have been awarded during the present school year:—Cadet Capt. K. C. McCannel is promoted to Major and O.C. of the Battalion; Lieut. R. Meldram to Capt. and Adjutant; Lieut. and Q.-M. Andrew Robertson to Capt.; Lieuts. A. S. Webster, V. Bond and R. Kinloch to Captains; Platoon Serpts. Wade, Humber, McGary, J. Elford, and Serpts. McIntyre, Hartley, Moses, Green, Plenderleith and Neroutsos to the rank of Lieutenant.

The results from the Canadian Rifle League matches of January 24th and February 21st, when 840 and 870 points were made out of a possible 900, speak well for Major Harvey's splendid work on the indoor range. As soon as the weather permits, shooting will commence on the Clover Point Rifle Range, which will be a great advantage.

The Government is providing instruction in signalling, first-aid and machine gunnery, and we expect to see an extra snappy turnout from these sections; while the band, which is getting some new instruments, will be a special feature on parade.

Within the next few weeks arrangements will be made for holding the Cadet Ball, directly after Easter, and we hope to make it a brilliant success.

Obituaries

Matric—Much learning; swelled head; brain fever—He's dead.

Junior—False fair one; hope fled; heart broken—He's dead.

Prelim—Milk famine; not fed; starvation—He's dead.

—Exchange.

"You are very dove-like."

"No, not really!"

"Yes, you are pigeon-toed."

—Exchange.



Girls' Basketball

THE first game of the year took place on January 1st, in the "Y" gym, against the Y. W. C. A. ladies. The opposing players, having an excellent combination, proved almost a match for the strong High School team, and the play was fast and interesting. In spite of a certain amount of careless shooting, which was noticeable on both sides, the High School players all put up a very good game, and with a final score of 12-9 added one more to the list of High School victories. High School was represented by Misses Doris Grubb, Florrie Gates, Muriel Daniels, Sarah McGill, Ella Lewis.

On February 4th the second game of the term was played in our own gym against the Normal School girls. High School got a start immediately with two nicely-taken baskets, and kept up their excellent play throughout the whole game. The Normal girls, being off color in both combination and shooting, were at a disadvantage from the first, and High School, having obtained an excellent lead, took the game into their own hands and romped away to victory with a score of 41-2.

Teams—Normal: Misses E. Wilby, F. Hunter, T. Nagle, M. McCaslin and J. Skillings: High School: Misses Grubb, Daniels, McGill, Lewis, Gates and Elliott.

An interesting game took place on February 12th, in the High School gym, between the High School girls and the St. Andrew's Presbyterian ladies' team. Miss Jean Burrridge, whose name is well known to all those interested in Basketball, formed a very formidable figure on the opponents' team. At first it remained very doubtful as to which was the superior team, but High School gradually drew away from their opponents and ended the play with a score of 24-5.

The teams were as follows—St. Andrew's: Misses Jean Burrridge, Belinda Hamilton, Clara French, Dorothy Melville and Elizabeth Cuthbert. V. H. S.: Doris Grubb, Florrie Gates, Muriel Daniels, Ella Lewis and Sarah McGill.

On Saturday, February 19, two girls' games were played in our own gym, the first between the High School second team and Fairfield, the second between the High School seniors and ex-High. The second team as a whole played a good game, considering the

fact that they had never played together before, and ended their first game as another victory for High School. The score was 13-3.

The second game of the evening, between the senior girls and an ex-High team, also resulted in a victory for V. H. S. The ex-High girls had a strong team, but their lack of practice enabled the High School team to obtain an easy victory with a score of 22-7.

Teams—V. H. S.: Pinkie Grubb, Gladys Elliott, Muriel Daniels, Ella Lewis and Florrie Gates. Ex-High: Misses J. Burr ridge, S. McKinnon, A. McKinnon, J. Skillings and B. Forbes.



Girls' Senior Basketball Team

Basketball

January 7th, U. B. C. vs. V. H. S. Played in V. H. S. gymnasium. The first game of the new year was played by U. B. C. and V. H. S., and was exceptionally fast and well played by both teams. The U. B. C. team was much heavier than the V. H. S. team, and with this advantage they took the lead in the first half. Unfortunately, Forbes sprained a thumb in the first half and had difficulty in holding passes. The U. B. C. held their lead to the end of the first half and when the whistle sounded half-time they were one basket ahead. In the second half, U. B. C. maintained their lead in spite of Webster's excellent work at forward and Moore's sterling defence game. Half way through the second half, Forbes was replaced by Allen, but this change took place too late in the game to give Allen a chance to get warmed up to his work. The final score was 28-18 in favor of U. B. C. The game was well patronized and the rooters of both teams were out in strength; about seven hundred people were present. The V. H. S. team was composed of Webster (captain) and Forbes, forwards; Hartley, centre; Moore and McIntyre, guards; Allen, spare.

January 21st, Duncan vs. V. H. S. Played at Duncan gymnasium. The game between Duncan and V. H. S., at Duncan, was not as fast a game as is usually played by our boys. This was largely due to the slippery condition of the floor and partly due to the tight checking of both sides. Forbes dropped back to guard and Moore took his place at forward. At half-time V. H. S. was one point down and Duncan was just getting into its stride. In the second half, Allen replaced Moore and Duncan started off with a 5 point lead, but a few minutes later, Webster scored two for V. H. S. and put his team back in the running. The Duncan centre scored a basket for V. H. S., thus bringing the scores level. Webster and Forbes scored one basket each for V. H. S. When the whistle blew "time," the scores stood 18-14 in V. H. S.'s favor. Webster, on our forward line, was high scorer, and Forbes, as guard, held Routledge, Duncan's star forward, to 1 basket and scored one himself. Hartley, at centre, played an excellent game against Derome, the Duncan centre, who outweighed him by about thirty pounds. The line-up was:—Duncan: Routledge and Evans, forwards; Derome, centre; Dr. French (capt.) and Forrest, guards. V. H. S.: Webster (capt.), Moore and Allen, forwards; Hartley, centre; Forbes and McIntyre, guards.

February 4th, Huskies vs. V. H. S. The second game played between the Huskies and V. H. S., at the V. H. S. gymnasium, resulted in a victory for the Huskies. Four of the players on this team were playing on the Victoria representative team last year, which accounted for their splendid combination. The first half of the game was fairly even; Hartley, at centre, watched Nute closely, and the checking was rather tight, but at half-time the Huskies led by one basket. In the second half, the Huskies increased their lead.

Bob White scoring by five successive foul shots. Forbes watched Peden closely and Moore and Webster worked hard at forward positions. At the end of the game the score stood 25-18 in favor of the Huskies: The teams were:—Huskies: Whyte, T. Peden, Nute, J. Peden, Baker; V. H. S.: Webster, Moore, Hartley, Forbes and McIntyre. Individual scores were: Webster 9, Moore 6, Forbes 3.

February 12th. Duncan vs. V. H. S. On February 12th the Duncan representative team played V. H. S. a return match. Although much lighter than their opponents, our boys were able to keep the lead from the beginning to the end of the match. The V. H. S. team was in excellent form and played a very fast game. The combination was perfect, and Webster's shooting and Forbes' speedy dribbling were wonderful assets in our favor. Unfortunately, Webster received a nasty slash across the eyes, in the first half, and was replaced by Hartley. The score at half-time stood 22-7 in our favor. In the second half, Duncan started off well and their star forward scored two long shots. McIntyre was slightly injured and was replaced by Webster, who scored in the first minute of his return. Duncan began to use weight, but our forwards slipped through and scored again. Allen, as centre, played a splendid game and the way in which Moore and McIntyre blocked the rushes of the Duncan forwards would be a credit to professionals. When the whistle blew "time," the score stood 37-13 in our favor. The line-up and individual scores of the V. H. S. team were: Allan, centre (8); Forbes, forward (8); Webster, forward (17); Moore, guard (4); McIntyre, guard; Hartley, spare.



Boys' Senior Basketball Team

February 19th. Belmonts vs. V. H. S. The game between the Belmonts and the V. H. S. was an extremely fast game, both teams working hard and checking closely. Forbes played a splendid game, his combination with Webster proving quite a source of trouble to the Belmonts. Wilkinson, the Belmonts' forward, scored several long shots, and at half-time the Belmonts were in the lead. At the beginning of the second half the Belmonts seemed to have just gotten into their stride. Jones (centre) played well and increased the score very materially. At the end of the game the score was 37-24 in favor of the Belmonts. The teams were:—Belmonts: Wilkinson and Brindly, forwards; Jones, centre; Moore and Dangerfield, guards. V. H. S.: Webster and Forbes, forwards; Allen, centre; McIntyre and Hartley, guards.

Gymnasium Class

One branch of athletics of which very little is heard is the gymnasium work. Several boys, however, have taken a great interest in it and, by constant practice, have developed into excellent gymnasts. At the recent Assault-at-Arms at the Armoury, the V. H. S. gymnasium squad made a very creditable display. McGary and Bullock especially did spectacular work on the horizontal bar, and Moore's vaults on the parallel bars were excellent. The gym. squad expects to give an equally good, if not better, display at a future date. The squad is composed of McGary (leader), Bothwell, Bullock, Collison, O'Neil, Clarke, Aylard, Barclay, Moore, Genn and Meldram.

Ice Hockey

February 12th. The final game in the Inter-School Ice Hockey Championship of the city, played between the University Military College and Victoria High School, was one of the cleanest and fastest amateur games of the season. In the first period, Stewart, one of University's best wings, was able to slip one goal past our defence, but a few seconds later, Moody, V. H. S.'s speedy left wing, scored by a long shot. In the second period the University started off with a rush that menaced our defence, and only the splendid work of Straith and McCannel, and Campbell (goal) kept them from scoring. During this period University bagged one goal, and McGibbon and Moody scored one each for V. H. S. In the last period, McCannel was replaced by Rowlands. Aply supported by his wings, Drennan and Moody, McGibbon made a pretty rush and passed to Drennan, who netted another for us. A few minutes later, University scored another goal, but by dint of hard work, Webster secured the puck and shot it to Moody, who scored, thus bringing the score to 5-3 in our favor. In the few remaining minutes our defence cleverly blocked the long shots which University tried to get past, until the gong sounded "time." The V. H. S. line-up was:—McGibbon (capt.); centre; Drennan, right wing; Moody, left wing; Webster, rover; Straith, right defence; McCannel, left defence; Campbell, goal; Rowlands, utility.

February 25th. K. G. H. S. vs. V. H. S. The game between K. G. and V. H. S. played at Vancouver resulted in a victory for K. G. after a hotly contested match. Moody and McGibbon opened the game with a fine rush, but the K. G. defence was good and they failed to score. K. G. made some fine end to end rushes and Campbell had difficulty in beating out the shots which the K. G. forwards put in. McCannel made a good individual rush at the end of the period, but Clayman stopped his shots. The score was 0-0 at the end of the period. Early in the second period, McLean made a pretty rush and scored for K. G. Their mettle fully aroused by this, V. H. S. pressed hard and kept the puck at the K. G. end, but failed to score. The score was 1-0 in favor of K. G. at end of the period. The K. G. opened the third period with a rush that menaced the V. H. S. defence, and in spite of Straith's efforts, Giles scored for K. G. Moody broke away and made a fast rush up the ice, but was watched by the K. G. defence and failed to score. Drennan and Moody played well for the rest of the game, but at "time" the score was 2-0 in favor of K. G. The line-up:—K. G. H. S.: Clayman, goal; McLean, left defence; Russel, right defence; Giles, rover; Patrick, left wing; Angus, right wing; S. Angus, utility. V. H. S.: Campbell, goal; Straith, left defence; McCannel, right defence; Webster, rover; Moody, left wing; McGibbon, centre; Drennan, right wing; Rowlands, utility.

March 5th. K. G. H. S. vs. V. H. S. On March the 5th K. G. played the V. H. S. team a return match and by hard work managed to win the game. The V. H. S. team opened the game with a very pretty rush down the ice, but were checked before they got within striking distance. K. G. then got possession, and for a few moments menaced the V. H. S. goal and only the excellent work of Campbell in goal kept them from scoring. The score was 0-0 at the end of the period. In the second period the K. G. team kept the puck down at the V. H. S. end of the ice for the first part of the period, but Drennan, supported by McGibbon and Moody, made a break for the K. G. goal and for several seconds Claman, the K. G. goalie, had all he could do to beat out the shots that Moody sent in. The score was 0-0 at the end of the period. The V. H. S. defence received the brunt of the K. G. attack in this period, and although McCannel and Straith put up a good fight, K. G. managed to score. In the remaining few minutes of the period the V. H. S. team kept the play on the K. G. end of the ice, but failed to score and the game ended 1-0 in favor of K. G. The line-up was:—K. G. H. S.: Claman, goal; McLean, left defence; Russel, right defence; Giles, rover; Patrick, left wing; Angus, right wing; S. Angus, utility. V. H. S.: Campbell, goal; Straith, left defence; McCannel, right defence; McGibbon, rover; Moody, left wing; Webster, centre; Drennan, right wing; Rowlands, utility.

Rugby

Naval College vs. V. H. S. Only one game of senior Rugby has been played since Christmas, and in this V. H. S. was defeated by the Naval College. The game was quite fast and Webster scored one touchdown for V. H. S., but the Naval College team was in excellent form, and at the end of the game the score was 12-3 in favor of the Naval College.

The junior Rugby team has been playing quite well since Xmas, which is largely due to Mr. H. Smith's coaching. They played one game against the University Military College, but had the bad luck to lose 12-0. The junior team had made arrangements to play against the University Military College, but owing to an epidemic of mumps the College was unable to get its team out.

The Students' Agricultural and Science Club of British Columbia

HERE is a marked tendency in present-day sentiment to recognize the "natural" aspect of education as being the real, positive factor in all pedagogy. Classroom and lab, work, drill, manual training, in fact all prescribed lessons, are no less important than before, but as taught at present are nevertheless coming to be regarded as but one phase, mainly the negative phase of school life. Their function is largely to cleanse the mind of disorderly tendencies, by which the student gains that self-discipline which is so necessary to a successful career. Incidentally, he acquires more or less familiarity with the subjects which are forced upon him and which may or may not be of direct use to him in after life.

The objection which has been raised to such a training as this is, that its value begins to diminish directly the individuality of the student is suppressed, either by himself or those who are responsible for his guidance—his real growth stops. The plastic mind is molded by external impression faster than its possessor is able to appreciate the changes which are being crowded upon him and he is apt to become a mere reflection of his environment. Destroy spontaneity in anyone and you develop that sophisticated point of view which is the curse of our modern so-called civilization. It is the more pathetic when we must realize that, although a curse, it is unavoidable, in fact we may say it is indispensable, until self-expression is balanced by the possession of right ideals.

We will not, then, try to tear down a system of education which has rendered the Caucasian race, and the British nation in particular, supreme in political art. We must recognize, however, that the normal evolution of a system, like that of an organism, however gradual, requires the positive to fulfil the negative, the permanent to supercede the temporal. That is why we are today emphasizing school activities outside the classroom, where the prescribed lesson demands certain reservations for fear of loss of time, etc., yet within

the precincts of the school, where the widest scope for natural expression is to be found. To help boys and girls to make use of their free and easy familiarity, in order to develop their own ideas and their own powers along constructive lines, is a privilege to which all schools, and high schools in particular, must pay more and more attention.

It was with this end in view that the Students' Agricultural Club of B. C. was organized by the V. H. S. Agricultural Class nearly four years ago. Later the Science students joined us. In order that this amalgamation might be effected, the name and constitution of the club was changed. Its aim is still the same, however—that is, to develop any special talent its members may possess, through giving each and every member the opportunity of telling or showing their fellows what their special interests may have revealed to them. At the same time, those who attend the meetings become familiar with parliamentary decorum of meetings in a way that requires no suppression whatever, as each learns to put himself or herself in the other fellow's position.

The membership is of two kinds—graduate members and associate members. In order to graduate, a member must make some direct contribution to the welfare of the club, such as a natural history specimen for our museum or an invention or discovery, and is expected to tell the others about his experiences in this connection at special graduation meetings. Graduation is necessary for members to receive the full privileges of the club.

The club suspended its activities during the fall term, during the reorganization of the school. The agricultural section, together with their confreres in general science, feel now, however, that the time has come to renew active service, so look out for further announcement.





MATRIC A

Teacher: "Why are the days longer in summer than in winter?"

Student: "Because it's warmer in the summer and heat makes everything expand."

Translation of Virgil: "All sides gaped with many a chink."

A synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the other.

An everyday occurrence in Geometry period—Teacher: "Now, by the way, I don't know what's the matter with you people. Why, Matric D did this easily."

The social was "delightfully vague and fearfully romantic," and, "by the way," we had a splendid time "dancing a nice whirley"; but, "tut, tut, tut, my dear young lady," it was 12 o'clock when we went home.

Boys' Inter-Class Basketball

Our first game in the inter-class league resulted in a victory after a hotly-contested match with Matric C. Although our opponents were much heavier, the score stood 10-2 in our favor at half-time. By a desperate rally in the second half, Matric C was able to bring the score to 11-11, but a lucky free shot by Macrae gave us the winning point. Matric A's representatives were: Meldram (centre), Christie and Macrae (forwards), Ryan and Drennan (guards).

MATRIC B

It is said in the society circles of Matric B, that McNamee has taken to courting, as he was heard repeating to himself one day these words:—"Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say good-night till it be morrow."

Why does Miss Byrne blush?

Visitor to School: "Do you know that fellow over there?"

Scott: "Yes, that's Edwardson; he sleeps next to me in chemistry."

Teacher: "What are you looking at?"

Pupil: "Nothing."

Teacher: "Then look right at me and you will find it."

Shaw: "I was mimicking one of the teachers yesterday."

Parfitt: "What did he say?"

Shaw: "Merely told me to stop making a fool of myself."

First Pupil: "Are you working?"

Second Pupil: "No, I'm going to school."

Great bluffs from little study grows.

Speaking of classes, the boxer isn't the only person who has been saved by the bell.

The only course in which some fellows will ever graduate is the course of time.

We are not all dogs, even though Kenny Waites may be. Kenny brought a dog-biscuit into school one day and passed a piece to each member of the class, but nobody ate it except himself.

One of our teachers asked if anyone could prove a rotten potato equal to a beehive. The ever ready McNamee gave this:—

A rotten potato = a specked tater.

A specked tater = a spectator.

A spectator = a beholder.

A beholder = a bee-holder.

A bee-holder = a bee-hive. — Q. E. D.

Miss Schroeder (otherwise known as Miss Shrewder, Miss Shrowder and also as Miss Shrader) after racking her brains, has managed to devise the following formula:—"That the behaviour of a student varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk."

Pinkie: "George, whose hair is this on your coat?"

George: "Blamed if I know! Whose eye is this on the end of your hatpin?"

Matric B soliloquies—

Doug McGibbon:

I want to be an angel

And wear a placid smile;

A long white robe and a golden crown,

But not just yet awhile.

B. McPhillips:

I want to be a college "stu,"

With mortar-board and gown,

Have lots of books and homework,

And wear a studious frown.

Edwardson to barber: "I want a hair-cut."

Barber: "Any particular way?"

Edwardson: "Yes, off."

Marion Miller (writing paraphrase): "How do you spell 'ambitiousness'?"

It's a cold-blooded teacher that will mark below zero.

Mr. G——: "Waites, you have an open mind."

McNamee: "Yes, that's why nothing stays in it."

Extra! Extra! Miss Blyth's eye ran across the page and then cast itself on the board.

Wanted—A nurse for Maclean, to see that he gets from one room to the other safely and also to escort him home from parties. Apply Room 12.

Also a chair or lounge with lots of cushions would be thankfully received by the members of Matric B. Would the donors kindly leave it just outside the door of Room 4. Scott especially would appreciate it.

It has become a daily occurrence to hear the following: "Now, class, this lesson is very important. Last year the whole Matric exam was on it."

Principal: "Didn't you get my letter?"

Expelled Student: "Yes, sir. I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said I was expelled, and on the outside it said, 'return in five days.'"

Notice—Any teacher desiring us at 3.15 must book ahead, because we only have five afternoons a week and these are generally snatched up, because we are an exceedingly popular class; so make all reservations early. Send all requests to K. Waites, class secretary.

We would like a reliable person to follow the journeys of Aeneas. First he is down in the deep, then he is up in the stars guiding his obedient car (whatever that is) and gaping Chinks or Japs or something are standing in the sea admitting the waves through loosened joints. Then he is on a desert island, frying bread and looking for some stuff in bottles, (it must have been more than 2%, because they seemed very anxious to find it).

Discovered! eighth wonder of the world. A girl that stood in the back of the Auditorium during the singing of "O, Canada" and chewed gum and sang at the same time, losing neither a stroke or a note.

Matric B says, "Ain't it funny that—

Time flies	Lightning bolts	Sulphur springs
Stockings run	Mountain slides	Day breaks
Pants tear	Water falls	Marble busts
Eggs beat it	Kitchen sinks	Music stands
	Scandal spreads?"	

Matric B, "Ye're no half cute!"

MATRIC C

Our class Latin phenomenon, "Archibald" Clarke, lived up to his reputation in the festive season around February 14th. He struck the idea (or rather it must have struck him) of writing "beecootiful"

quotations from "Aeneid" on his valentines. Maybe it was so people would think him brainy, or maybe he had a deeper (?) reason.

Johnnie Proctor, of "I'm getting a big boy now" fame, has taken up hockey forecasts as a hobby. He says, "If Vancouver wins tonight and Seattle loses Wednesday, and Victoria wins Friday night and Seattle loses two games running, then Victoria still has a chance." Theorem 72.

A "Savage" now replaces the seat of our flashlight "Bird," who has flew.

W. J. Clarke: "What were you doing in the holidays?"

'Ank Cameron: "I was retailing canaries."

W. J. C.: "Oh! How did they come to lose their tails?"

Being asked the difference between a comma and a cat, Brooks, after many feverish nights of sleepless thought (transferred epithet!), discovered that a "comma is the pause at the end of a clause," while a cat "has clause at the end of his pause (paws)."

Hartley has a new idea! To avert disaster he masticates "life savers" with one hand, while he enunciates theorems with the others. Some people wonder why our "Dad" is a gymnast!

Records held by Matric C celebrities:—

Humber went two whole days without being late.

Miss Curtis sat through a whole period without "sucking her thumb."

Miss Douglas ran through three lines of Vergil without stopping.

Lore slept for fifty-two seconds, by Elford's watch, in Geometry, one hot afternoon.

Mr. Cranston: "Were you late this morning, Miss Lewis?"

Miss Lewis: "No, sir, the class began before I got here."

Mr. Haverstock: "What's that noise at the back of the room?"

Johnnie Proctor: "I just dropped a perpendicular, sir."

Mr. Cornett: "Somebody at the door?"

Kinloch: "No, sir; only Hudson's brains rattling."

MATRIC D

Matric D; who are we?

Well, you just listen and you'll soon see.

I don't know what has made us so famous. It may be our brains, but I have my doubts. I have a little idea though (isn't it strange for a member of Matric D to have an idea), and I'll tell you if you won't tell anybody. I think it is our girls' basketball team. Matric C challenged us, but alas, we lost! (only by default, though). Oh! yes, of course we would have beaten them, 'cause our girls would travel so fast, they would be asking, "Which one do I check in that crowd?" Come on, girls! get up a team! For your information, there is a sale of peppermints down town. Go down and buy some and next time "C" challenges us, show them you're full of pep. Don't let the boys bring all the honors to the class.

Now, you little boys and girls of Matric D, stop! look! listen! Bonds are rising; hang on to your five dollars at mid-summer. Don't get extravagant and spend your money uselessly. Buy bonds or thrift stamps.

I guess you've all noticed the expectant, half-pleading throng of pupils passing the auditorium at 3.15, and how they all seem to look toward us expectantly. I know what it is, Matric D, and I'm ashamed of you for disappointing your fellow-pupils in this terrible manner. They want us to go in and sing for them. They miss our soothing and melodious voices and long for us to chase away their troubled thoughts. When we sing (?) as everybody knows, troubles fly away like bees laden with honey. Sometimes we're not in the right key (oh, no, not the key to the door!), but if they even so much as hint at it, tell them the worst is yet to come, and they'll soon be quiet.

Why, I say there, old dears, aren't we beastly cut up about that item in the last Camosun. Imagine Santa complimenting all the Matrics for their penmanship when it was Matric D that won all the honors. Why, we even have people in our class that can write essays that are illegible. Can you imagine that. Oh, no! don't try, you might have to think, and I hate to see people suffer, especially Matrics.

Say! do you know that our class, with all its peculiar little laughs, sounds like a hennery. Henry? Why, Henry who? Oh! I forgot. Say, don't crack such deep jokes. I forgot. Other classes might not appreciate them, 'cause, you know, they aren't all as intelligent as ours. My, it would be terrible if they were! Wouldn't other people feel ignorant, and you know it isn't nice to make other people feel ignorant. So don't any of the other Matrics follow our example, or tout le monde (another sign of intelligence) will say that you aren't nice.

We have one member of our class who feels it her ardent duty to say Q.E.D. (quite easily done) after every theorem. Of course we know how easy it is to do all those little things, granted you belong to the intelligent "D" It's such a nuisance being clever; people expect so much from us (of course not saying what they get, but that's all in the life).

Say, I don't think we have long enough time to get our lunch! Do you? Frequently certain members have to bring peppermints or "life savers" to eat at first period, so as to sustain them through the long, weary hours of toil. I won't mention lunch-room crackers, 'cause that would be telling things. But, oh boys! when it comes to eats, the following verse contains the right sentiments:

When turkey's on the table laid,
And good things I can scan;
I'm thankful that I wasn't made
A vegetarian.

Members of Matric D must be trying to create a studio that will rival Irving Berlin's for jazz music, for the laboratory, on Tuesdays, resounds with the peals of discordant "lofter," which certain indescribable members of this matric create. Some even try to copy the creation "the powder puff" of modern dancing, but used MnO_2 , with an explosion which resulted in a "Stevenson's home-made chocolate drop." There are others who intend going in for the "dying business," for "coloring." We should say "chlorine" makes such beautiful colors and iodine blends so well. One person in particular has made people take notice. In a scarlet over-sweater, protected with an apron of linoleum ten feet long, she struts like Queen Elizabeth over the sack apron spread by a youthful gallant over a pool of H_2SO_4 on the floor. If there hadn't been a piece of soap in the pocket, the Lab. couldn't boast of being a modern Westminster Abbey. Oh! well—God save the Queen?

From the Lab. the goodly throng go to Literature, for then "We-are-enthused," from a favorite poet, is read and provides merri-ment for the more "giddy," as one teacher terms those whose sudden outbursts have made Matric D famous. One member thinks it's all rot anyway, and we agree with him. This period makes the classroom a regular "palais des singes," for grimaces are all the vogue.

Speaker: "Information, please.

Central: "Information speaking."

Speaker: "Is Chemistry a funny subject."

Information: "It has its secrets."

MATRIC E

The world-famous Matric E has at last been divided externally so that the square on E I is equal to the square on E II, together with the stragglers that have come in since then.

We will now describe the general characteristics of some of the members of E II.

Miss May. Her seat has been moved to the front of the class in the only room left where she had hopes of staying near the back. "My, how the harsh, cruel winds of education waft me hither and thither, and so benumb me that I care not whether I live or die."

Miss McDougal. She is Miss May's accomplice, i.e., side-kicker, in all the giggling disturbances in the room.

Miss Walters. Gladys is certainly coming to the front as a satirical speaker. Why, the other day she got up in the middle of the English period and called us "Sophisticated, inexorable and crude pieces of blasphemed manhood." Our wrath waxed as great as $200^{\circ} C$.

Miss Peacey. The fair Rosalind of Matric E II.

Miss Maxwell. Our demure little maid from the noble town of Sydney.

Miss Restall. Hilda can throw paper better than any boy in class.

Pillar. Our moonish youth. Charles says that "Wordsworth's eccentricities cause a double tragedy to be executed within his sub-consciousness.

Heatherbell. According to Ernie, our Geometry should be revolutionized.

Carver. Harry is our greatest authority on Wordsworth.

Meed. Max has been late every day this year, and, when questioned, he simply said, "I'll try and do better next year."

Leicester. He boasts the finest pompadour in the class. It is, "sans doute."

Reid. Kennie can make violet rays (raise), currants drop, n'everything in fact when you're talking of electricity.

Moses. When asked the question, "On what does the sum of the squares on the rectangles AB, CD, and MN, XO, equal the square on? Dan got up, coughed three times, winked both eyes and said, "The square on the rectangles AB, CD, and MN, XO is equal to the squares on the rectangles contained by the rest of the alphabet and the median that bisects the other 'du-hickey' on the blackboard." Nobody doubts him.

McGary. "Mugs" is the ringleader of our "Etruscan Three," viz., McGary, Roe and Moffat, and he is also president of the B. D.

Gosse. With special permission, and at the proper time, one might enter the room and see Joe looking far away at the mountains, warbling sweetly, "Phebe, O sweet Phebe."

If a secant meets a tangent at an external point and strikes the tangent in the transverse posterior median, the angle of the tangent will equal twenty times the circle described on its posterior median and it will then clutch the secant by its hypotenuse, tear all its corollaries away and then say, "Now, if you can't see, blame the square on your circle's radius locus of points.

After twenty years of unceasing labors, a new explosive (patent number $x_2, y\frac{1}{2}$) has been placed at the disposal of the British Government, to be used in quelling the fierce tribes which inhabit the woods around Nanaimo and Duncan. This new explosive owes its origin to three of the world's greatest scientists—Professor B. McMillan, D.D., D.A., HNO_3 ; Professor J. Petrie, D.Sc., C.O.D., H_2SO_4 (dog specialist at McGill); Professor G. Waddington, M.Sc., D.Sc., Ph.D., M.D. (late chief chemist to Sidney Lumber Co.). Although great secrecy has been maintained, information regarding its composition has leaked out and it is believed the following is approximately the analysis: 2 parts Tanlac, 1 part "White Mule," 3 parts Nux Vomica, 1 part C_6H_2 , NO_2 , CH_3 , NH_2 , S.

JUNIOR A

Advice for Junior A

Ethelwyn Dee. Don't laugh and joke with Prelims. If you look dignified enough they may mistake you for a Matric.

Jean Small. Don't go to sleep in your desk. You will find the floor more comfortable.

Alexa Martin. Don't open the windows in Botany period. When the circulation in the head is slow, freezing is easy.

A Scrap from a Junior A Student's Diary

8.55—Bell. Can't find books—wild rush for locker.

8.59—Search successful. Cut finger, very hurtful. Resolved that locker doors should be abolished.

9.00—Too late to go to Auditorium. So happy. Peace sought—

9.01 ——— vainly; Miss Barnett (alleged friend) drags unhappy victim after rest of class.

9.08—About to leave hall. Turn to left instead of right. Teacher furious. What a life!

9.10—Arrive in classroom. Discover a Geometry—no apparent owner. Write insulting epitaph inside. Good joke.

9.11—Owner (Miss Robinson) returns; finds book, also epitaph. Who's the culprit? No trace.

9.13—Clue! Writing recognized. Am accused, tried, and convicted. Get nasty scolding from Miss Eldridge. Resolve to sulk.

9.14—Sulking.

9.15—Still sulking.

9.16—Talk in loud whisper to Miss Wallace. Get told-off. No talking in school. Forgot.

9.18—Lesson commences. Doze for short period. Rude awakening. Don't know answer to teacher's question—no one has any sense of humor.

9.18½—Told to stay in after 3.15 (very humorous!). Nobody loves me!

JUNIOR B

Judging by the weird sounds which come from the boys' side of the room, someone must either be practising for singing lessons or thinking about the next period.

Walker seems to have a hard time to get to school in the morning, although he says it is not his fault. We all fear he likes his bed too well.

Miss Fleming marvellously turned into a little girl the other day by wearing her hair in curls, but in the middle of an Algebra period, she decided to grow up again, and was seen calmly arranging her crown of glory.

Agriculture Class (section of Junior B)

This class is composed of a few well-behaved, quiet (?) students who took Chemistry the first year and were brave enough to at least try Agriculture, despite the fact that everyone else was going to take Physics (the poor, misguided mutts).

The class took a trip to the Willows Poultry Exhibition, and we learnt, among other things, how to handle a chicken. This knowledge will no doubt come in handy some day, even if we are not farmers. Did anybody know that if chickens run around too much they get tough?

If anyone has a young tom cat to give away, will they please forward it to our room, to act in the capacity of mouse catcher. One square meal a day guaranteed.

The whole class has been "on the right track" for an awful long time. Wonder if we will ever reach the end.

JUNIOR C

Bagshaw, use your head, and not so much chalk.

One thing we will never be in want of is a teacher, while Laing is with us.

Miss Playfair fondly embracing Miss Miller. Loud chorus from the boys—"Miss Playfair, don't try to do a man's work."

To one of our teachers the lesson is as plain as the noses on our faces, but to the poor pupil it is as obscure as his brain.

DON'TS

Do you feel you'd like to quit?

Don't!

Got to feelin' you don't fit?

Don't!

Do you want to yell "all in,"

'Cause your wind's a little thin,

And you think you'll never win?

Don't!

There's a kick you want to make.

Don't!

There's a head you want to break.

Don't!

Do you feel you want to whine

Like a genuine canine,

And send blue streaks down the line?

Don't!

When you see a chance to duck.

Don't!

When you want to chuck your luck.

Don't!

Keep right on without a stop

And you'll sure come out on top.

If just when you want to stop—

You don't!

JUNIOR D

When all other of their fellow-students are asleep, Purves and Levirs rise in chilly dawn and make all haste to school to study Greek. When sane people are eating bacon and eggs, they are deep in "pie," etc. Thus fortified against physical or intellectual hunger, they abstain from food till noon. Take notice, ye huskies, what Greek "eats" will do to a fellow.

Three witnesses are there who saw Dibble offer his seat to three ladies in a crowded street car. There is nothing narrow about Dibble.

Who is this gay and handsome lad,
Whose face in manhood's down is clad,
Who early from his bed doth slip
To scrape the down from cheek and lip?
Who wields the blade with practised hand;
Nor does the hair before it stand;
His chin assumes a bluish hue,
But tell me, gentle reader, who?
Look carefully, to get my gist,
So Mention It To no one—**Hist!**

The other week, during a Botany period in which we were studying profoundly, a strange noise awoke many of us. 'Twas a sound like unto cow-bells. It appeared that Sampson, dreaming, grew homesick, and, through telepathy, some sympathetic soul struck a cat-shaming note on the springs of his seat. This being explained, the class returned to their slumber.

Worthington, he cried in glee,
"To fields I lead the company,
To woods I lead the happy band
Joyously prancing, hand in hand!"
For to cruel Fate they do resign
The pupils of Division Nine.
"We love to romp o'er moor and lea
And learn the Science of Botany."
"For you see we are insane
From Botany upon the brain."

Division Nine has done its bit for the Memorial Tablet Fund for the month of January, and we hope to better it next month.

JUNIOR E

Brinton made a discovery the other day which caused a mild sensation in our otherwise peaceful atmosphere. He solemnly declared he had found "the heavy end of a match was the light end." Someone fell for it and asked how did he know. "Oh! strike one and see," was his crushing reply.

A few days ago we all received a jolt in the Botany room. As we have no studying of botany for a while, we had an idea to liven things up a bit. We accordingly pinned a beetle's head to a grasshopper's body, along with a butterfly's tail. This we took to school to find someone to tell us its name. We asked the teacher if he knew.

"Did it make a humming noise when you picked it up?"

"Yes, it made a noise like that."

"Then it must be a humbug," was his reply.

But don't imagine that we are at all put out at such a slight setback. We have recently conceived the idea of crossing parrots with carrier pigeons, with the idea of securing verbal messages from them.

Last week some one rebuked Miss Cameron for using a pin to remove a splinter from her finger. "Oh, that's quite all right!" she said, "you see, I used a safety-pin."

In a discussion the other day, Gary was asked why a hyphen should be used in "bird-cage." "Oh! that's for the bird to roost on," was his answer.

"Regan, give me an illustration in Density!"

"I don't know one, sir."

"Thank you, a very good demonstration!"

PRELIM B

Our Fiji Island maiden, alias Miss Gosse, so called from the numerous kinky curls which adorn her head, vainly tried to hit the high spots in the Hall the other day, but came back to earth with a thunderous crash, which decidedly demolished her lunch! "Oh, Gerty, where was that naughty vocabulary then?"

Shakespeare certainly had nothing on Laurine Gibson and Meryle Gary; our modern Romeo and Juliet, for these two can cram more dramatic mischief into the few minutes when the teacher's back is turned (and some minutes when it isn't) than Shakespeare could in a whole period.

If the Marinello beauty parlors would remove their quarters to Division 15, they would be greatly appreciated by Miss Foxgorde and Miss Ford, who find it impossible to carry all their feminine necessities in two small pockets!

PRELIM C

Fletcher, listlessly answering Tredwell's question: "Yes, I could Tredwell up mount Everest, but I would have to cross the Sandiford, where I would be Boyd up by the Elves who live in the Greenwood.

Elves reading: "Lulled by the sound, monotonous and deep."

Teacher: "Class! wake up!"

It is a good thing the government doesn't charge postage on letters passed in school or Miss Parfitt would be in the poorhouse.

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PRELIM E

You would like to know about our class,
So I'll tell you about each lass—
Miss Bick, you know her, so tall and so fair,
You can think of nothing she would not dare.
Miss Dean and Miss Love, you know them both too,
Anything laughable they're sure to do.
Miss Clark and Miss Gibbons are both sweet girls,
Miss Leigh is known by her short, brown curls.
Miss Sangster is known, not by her looks,
But by her hatred of all civic books.
Miss Jones is known by her circle and square,
For she hates Geometry beyond compare.
For smartness our class excels the rest;
If not in sincerity, then in jest.

Clever Answers to Exams

Hogan: The imperfect tense in French is used to express a future action in past time which does not take place at all.

Collison: Geometry teaches us to bisect angels.

Margaret: Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but she was a stout protestant.

Helen: A passive verb is when the subject is the sufferer, e.g., I am loved.

Irene: A kaiser is a stream of hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth.

Emma: The plural of spouse is spice.

Alice: When England was placed under an Interdict, the Pope stopped all births, marriages and deaths for a year.

COMMERCIAL A

Suggestions for some means of excitement would be gratefully received by Division 12.

We notice that thumbs are being used more than chewing gum. Has that popular confection gone up in price? Ask Miss Churchill!

Great excitement was caused the other day by what was thought to be the fire siren. After straining our eyes to find the smoke, we discovered it was only Miss Chrome laughing.

Who is the lucky person whom Miss Cooper is always addressing as "Oh, dear"?

At 3.15, when going to pay some afternoon calls, a certain person has been heard to say: "I'd love to meet the ass who said that ignorance is bliss!"

We didn't know a carpet could run until just recently, when we were informed in Room 26 that it can run lengthwise and also sideways.

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COMMERCIAL B

Wanted—A reporter to take down what Miss Baker and Miss Herman say during the arithmetic period.

Lost—Anybody finding the name of the new partial student found in Room 26, please send it to Miss Baker, Div. 13.

Miss Jewsbury: "I received a shorthand kiss last night."

Miss Johnston: "What is that like?"

Miss Jewsbury: "Oh! 60 a minute."

Miss Gandy has renovated the style of her hairdress jiggers on the sides.

Division 13 is favored with many noted characters. Miss Ruddock, Turkish dancer, starred in the last concert, assisted by Miss Scott, who is an expert tambourine shaker.

Miss Langhout has graced the class with two new transparent blouses (some class). Div. 13's most modern vamp. (in her own eyes).

Miss Cummins needs a reinforced voice to read in class, while Herman needs assistance to read her shorthand notes.

Miss Prior needs a speedometer to time her typewriting. Call at Room 31 and watch her speed.

Mr. Richards asks if Div. 13 has formed a colony in Saanich. No explanation is needed.

The other day the book-keeping teacher told Miss Stephens there was "something wrong with her." The class has since decided he was right.

COMMERCIAL C

Commercial C has adopted the name of "The Suffragets," owing to the scarcity of boys.

Mr. R—— evidently thinks our class contains a phenomenon, because, when using Miss Mardell as an illustration, he said, "Now, Miss Mardell has moved her twenty feet—" That was quite enough.

In our opinion someone should take pity on our little Eric Day and put a few books on his seat so he will be able to get at least some idea as to what is going on on his desk.

Hoy, our other male, comes to school with different parts of Victoria on his shoes and sheds them in our classroom.

We do not know where Ada Blair gets her lovely complexion. Inherited, I suppose.

Miss Thorpe wants to know if some kind-hearted mortal, striving for the good of humanity, will invent a way in which one can come to school on a rainy day, carrying a load of books, lunch and an umbrella and rubbers, get there in time and still maintain a dignified and calm exterior.

DIVISION 19

Miss Williams: "I couldn't keep my hat on in that wind. Do you know any way I could?"

Answer from unknown quarters: "A hammer and nail."

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Miss Beek, one of our most popular pupils, has left us. We wish her luck in her new environment.

"Could any one, love, between us come?"

Nelson asked in accents tender.

"Well," said the young brother under the couch,

"He'd have to be pretty slender."

Wilson is our pretty boy. Oh, what eyes! For further information apply to Miss Cousins.

Barlow told the shy maid of his love.

The color left her cheeks;

But on the shoulder of his coat

It showed for several weeks.

Teacher, looking severely at a small boy in the front seat: "Who wrote Hamlet?"

Whitely, breaking down under his stern gaze, blubbers, "Please sir, I didn't."

Our teacher was relating this incident later at a dinner, when a school trustee, rubbing his hands, said, "Ha! ha! I shouldn't wonder if the little beggar hadn't done it after all."

Jack and Jill went up the hill,

Some food they wished to get.

Jack pawned his safety razor and

Jill et.

DIVISION 20

Division 20 has considerable talent. Gillam plays the fool and the violin; Hadfield has surely got the gift of the gab, and Todd is a great geometrician (?).

Division 20 are waiting patiently for the candy sticks and rattles Mr. Yeo has promised them for amusement during English periods.

Mr. McIvory, the editor of the village paper, wrote, concerning the fatal accident at the railroad crossing, "Started his car on low, and is now supposed to be on high."

The Judge: "You were found under a bed with a bag of tools. Any excuse?"

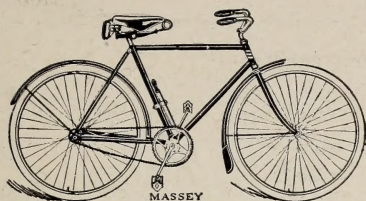
The Prisoner: "Force of habit, Judge; I've been a motorist."

Any contributions of baby rattles or toys of any kind will be much appreciated by Division 20 for the benefit of Gillam and Hadfield. Please leave same at Room 13.

VOCATIONAL A

Found—Three sets unused brains, neatly wrapped in tissue paper, probably property of Technical Class. Apoly Hank Campbell, Room 21. If not claimed within two day, finder intends to use them, as he needs them badly.

Mr. G.: "Produce the line AB to L. Oh no! I don't think we'll produce it to there. Call it X."



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Familiar sayings of some of our teachers:—

"Bring it tomorrow without fail."

"Why in the name of common sense don't you use your brains?"

"You'd be surprised."

"Put it there, and there, and there."

Pa to W. Nachtrieb: "Willie, take these papers to the blacksmith!"

Willie: "To have them forged?"

Pa: "No, to have them filed."

The class is seriously considering buying a collar and dog tax for Frank Ellis, who, it is officially reported, got lost on the way home one night.

TECHNICAL CLASS

Mr. A——, to Coates, in Room 5: "Now, Coates, get a diagram for Theorem X on the board. Proof, please, Sharp." Sharp: "It is required to prove that a cat has more than two and less than four tails. Well, since no cat has two tails, and one cat has one more tail than no cat, therefore, one cat must have three tails."

An Episode in the Lecture Room

Davey had a little lamp,

'Twas full of gasoline;

He went to light it by the gas

And has not since benzine!

DIVISION 27

In deference to Mr. C——'s wishes, would all members of our class be so kind as to contribute to the fund inaugurated to buy a hammock and pillow for Miss Price's use in Room 38. Please be prompt, as we are anxious to know if she giggles in her sleep.

Miss Young's consoling thought—

For every urchin there's a gad,

For every maiden there's a lad.

One of the Matrics in the Auditorium: "If everyone else would only do as I do and stay quietly in his seat till everybody else has gone out, there would not be such a crush at the doors."

The weary, dreary hours drag by,

The clocks strike now and then.

Passively I wonder why,

And then I wonder when.

Could anyone tell us—

Does Rounding cry when his bedtime hour arrives (8 o'clock)?

What Provis knows about jailbirds?

Of a talented artist to portray the beauty of the fairer sex of our class, which has even been commented on by one of our teachers?

Of a counterpoison for "I can't go on, sir"?

When we will be too old to stand in the corner?

Keep Pace!



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